

RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

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B. J. BUTTS AND H. N. GREENE, EDITORS, HOPEDALE, MILFORD, MASS.

Stories, and Voices to Youth.

Right and Wrong.

"Good morning, cousin Jane, I am exceedingly glad to find you at home; for I have some important business with you."

"With me? Well, cousin Walter, I am glad to see you. Pray proceed to business at once."

"I have a 'Petition,' and wish much to obtain your signature."

Jane took the paper, ran her eye over it carelessly, then quietly returned it to Walter.

"What, Jane, you do not refuse to put your name to a document like this? I thought you were a consistent abolitionist."

"It is because I am a consistent Abolitionist, that I am deterred from putting my name to that petition. You forget, perhaps, that I am a peace woman, and not only say, 'No union with slaveholders,' but 'No union with warriors.'"

"Well, Jane, I must confess that you are growing very fanatical. Pray what reasons have you for not signing this petition?"

"In the first place I would not appeal to the Legislature as an 'honorable body.' In the second place, I would not ask them to grant the colored man the right to dwell on Massachusetts soil; God has given him that right already. If I did anything, I would demand that they at once abolish those infernal laws (they deserve no better name) which make man a slave. In the third place, I will not ask these men of office to perjure themselves. You know that they have sworn to abide by the Constitutional Laws of these United States; yet you, and hundreds of others, ask them to falsify their words, and break the oath they have solemnly taken. If the Constitution of the United States is a proslavery instrument, why not call on them to openly put it under their feet, and frame a better one—one whose every word shall proclaim liberty throughout all the land? No! I will have nothing to do with your rulers, but I shall plead for the right, and denounce the wrong;

no conventional law shall ever seal my lips, nor can your law abiding abolitionists bribe me with their sophistry."

"Jane, I am extremely sorry that you should take this view of things. I hoped that you would be willing to lend your influence, in a cause of so great and vital importance. I am sorry also, that you have become identified with the impracticable doctrine of Non-Resistance."

"Do not give yourself any uneasiness on my account, Walter; my influence will not be lost. I shall labor for the down-trodden and oppressed, though not in the particular way which your wisdom might point out. You know that putting my signature to that petition would amount to but very little. I am a woman. What do those who sit in Legislative Halls care for woman? How do they look upon her? Somewhat as they do upon slaves and idiots. She has no more voice in making the laws to which she is subjected, than has the Southern slave. An ignorant, unlettered foreigner, can, after living in our country a certain length of time, go to the ballot-box and help make the laws, when he is as ignorant of what would subvert to the good of our country, as the Hindoo or Hottentot."

"I will tell you, Walter, when your lawmakers remember woman. It is when she has, in the estimation of the law, committed some crime, or, when she has, in spite of the obstacles which society has thrown around her, succeeded in acquiring a little property, perhaps secured to herself a home—toiling early and late that she may beautify and adorn that home. Then come your lawmakers and taxgatherers and unscrupulously take from her scanty means whatever the law demands. Suppose she conscientiously objects to this unjust way of treating woman, and quotes, 'No taxation without representation'; then the 'officials' enter her dwelling, and lay their hands upon her possessions. Now you, and men of worldly wisdom, may think this right; but in the honest simplicity of my heart I think it wrong."

The scholastic Walter Eaton could not find logic to meet this issue; so, hastily bidding his discriminating cousin good morning, he proceeded on his mission to

TRUTH, LOVE, WISDOM.

more favorable localities, where the questions of right and wrong were not so nicely discussed. H. N. G.

"My Mother."

The influence upon her child of a christian mother's pure, unselfish love is never lost. Worldly pursuits may cover it from sight; love, warm and passionate seem to burn it from the heart, but with subtle gentleness, it still exerts its hallowed power. Many a dying bed has borne such testimony as the following:

"If I could only see my mother!"

Again and again was the yearning cry repeated—

"If I could only see my mother!"

The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eye glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind his bodily discomforts—his eye looked far away—and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry—

"If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, the Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading. He bent above the young man, and asked him why he was so anxious to see the mother he had willfully left.

"O! that's the reason," he cried in anguish. "I nearly broke her heart and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—O! so good a mother, she bore everything from her wild boy, and once she said—'My son, when you come to die you will remember all this.'"

"O! if I could only see my mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with that yearning upon his lips, as many a man has died who slighted the mother who bore him. The waves rolled over him, and his bones whitened at the bottom of the sea, and that heart-felt cry has gone upward, there to be registered forever.

LITTLE CHILDREN, yours is a holy sphere of life; you hold the golden key to many a heart, and your tiny hands may unlock the long-shut doors of many an inner temple, and let the sunlight in upon its cold, damp walls, and along its shadowy aisles. Do it whenever you can, for shadows creep too often over all. Be ever gentle, loving, sunny-hearted children, and your fairy echo will carry gentleness, love, and sunshine on her wings wherever she goes. But when you are cross, fretful, or angry, she carries shadows from your heart to all around you. Would you listen only to pleasant words? Speak kindly, and echo will bring back to you kind words. Would you rebuke profanity? Send forth your fairy with words of reverence and piety. No one is so wicked or debased but that a little child may lead him, and oftentimes such are soonest taught by the simplicity of childhood. Be then, little friends, true to your mission, and forget not your little fairy who eys wait to your bidding. B. C.

—The Fairy Echo.

LITTLE CHILDREN, lay not aside your play; hush not your laughter; leave not your path of flowers and your warm atmosphere, to seek amid the gloom and shadows of life for your God. He dwells not in darkness. B. C.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIOS:

ANGEL VOICES, PEARLS OF FRIENDSHIP, CORRESPONDENCE, EXTRACTS; PUBLIC, PRIVATE, OLD, NEW.

Angel Whispers.

My friend E. and myself have long been in the habit of conversing with the spirits through the alphabet. The words are spelt out by the tipping of the table as the letters are called. We shall sit occasionally, as the spirits have promised to communicate something from time to time, expressly for this little sheet. H. N. G.

To E. and H. There are many wise and beautiful angels who often visit your quiet retreat. Sometimes a sad-eyed angel accompanies us, but no wrathful spirit is ever attracted to your home.

Yours is a great privilege. You have access to that wisdom which cometh from the angel world.

Improve these golden opportunities, and wisely cull the opening buds which we have dropped in your pathways.

We are glad you are striving to be governed by high moral principles, and that you weave into your spiritual philosophy the great reforms of the age.

To E. I would willingly remind you of what I have so often said to you. Let gratitude swell your bosom for the blessings which surround you. Be not so anxious about the future; it will be revealed in due time.

Improve the present—gather the pearls of love—cull the flowers of friendship; let not one throb of generous feeling be lost upon you.

Be not too quick to praise or condemn; discriminate between motives and actions.

To THE SAME. Listen, A—speaks to you. The world is not made of brass; neither has God hung a dark mantle between you and the spirit-world. If you would see the light, open your eyes; despise not the hand that leads you through the darkness into the glorious light of the expansive future.

SISTER: I wish to say that you depreciate your powers too much. Many hearts beat lighter for having read your inspired words. The poor and lowly bless you for your expressions of kindness and sympathy.

There are yet unexplored regions of thought for you to traverse. You will be led onward into the broad fields of progression, love and wisdom.

Go on, be true to the light within, and beautiful angelic spirits will shower their richest blessings upon your head.

—: I gladly greet you. I have long been conversant with your interior life. I have known your struggles. I have seen the soul when waves dark and fearful have almost overwhelmed you. I have stood by and witnessed struggles which were similar to those witnessed in Gethsemane.

'Imitation is born with us; what should be imitated is not easy to discover.'

What Good can we Do?

Very often does this question come to us, especially when wearied with the cares and labors which occur in every day life. We think sometimes that our labors are in vain, and the weak spirit whispers "strive no more." When we look abroad over the world and realize its errors—how war, slavery, intemperance and licentiousness debase the angel in man; how those who lay claims to virtue look idly on or scoff at their weaker brothers; how the believers in *law* delight to bring the inebriate to justice, while he who deals out poison to his unfortunate victims is smiled upon by society, and goes on in his murderous business unmolested and unharmed—we feel sometimes like folding our hands and weeping over the sins and follies of this inharmonious world.

But the voice of reason bids us go down deep into our own soul, and see if all is right there. And here we learn a salutary lesson—a lesson which teaches us how weak and imperfect we are. We learn also, that the individual must first become right, before we can have harmonious homes, and well ordered society. Persons must marry right, children must be born right, and educated differently from what they now are, ere the golden era of peace and harmony will brighten our darkened world. How much is this point overlooked by nearly all Christendom. The Christian non-resistant principle must be woven into the life-currents of our being, in order for us to have any true influence over society. A true life must be ours—a life made up of love-deeds, charity and self-denial. Then it matters not whether our names are affixed to any church book or creed, our deeds will tell, and we may hold sweet communion with the exalted Nazarine, with the angelic hosts, whose religion consists in reclaiming the fallen, and blessing the oppressed of every clime.

Let each individual ask what good can I do? Let her or she improve every opportunity that offers, and though it may be but a drop in the ocean of humanity, in time it will swell its surges, and the rolling tide will bear on its peaceful bosom many ransomed souls to the immortal country. H. N. G.

Persons receiving Nos. of the RADICAL SPIRITUALIST, either of the present Volume, or a Prospectus of the coming Volume, are invited to subscribe. Let such as do so send in their names as soon as convenient, that we may better calculate what number of copies to issue. In any event, we shall mail to 500 new names, and shall make effort to secure as many.

The RADICAL SPIRITUALIST advocates Spiritualism, Socialism, Anti-Slavery, Non-Resistance, Woman's Rights, Anti-Oath-taking and Office-holding, Temperance, Vegetarianism, Anti-Tobacco (Tea, Coffee), and every other Reform which requires the PRACTICE of a higher life.

It is printed on good paper. Fifty Cents per Annum to the Able and Willing; Free to the Oppressed and Outcast. Address the Editors, B. N. BUTTS.

HOPEDALE, MASS., JAN. 1860.

PHONETIC DEPARTMENT.

THE PHONETIC ALPHABET consists of the common alphabet, excepting *x, c, and q*, together with the following new letters, whose sounds are denoted by the italics below them:

Ė	E	ġ	A	ġ	Q	O	O	ġ	U
ev	erl	alc	air	art	all	ode	ooze	aspe	whoop
ġ	ġ	ŋ	U	ġ	B	d	ŋ	ŋ	ŋ
ice	oil	our	dape	cheat	thin	the	she	vision	ring

LETTER FROM WM. BARTLET.

Sst Lislefield, Me., Dec. 25th, 1859.

Wilyum Bartlet, Jun., to de editor ov de Radikal Spiritulist: Bj de invitafon ov Mr. Wilson, ov de Psntan Hss in Boston, i had mj nam sent tu yu az subskriber tu yar paper, tu be sent tu Boston for me at de Psntan Hss. I pad him fitti sents for mj subskription. I hav resevd sum ov de Numberz, and i wil ns sa dat i wij yu tu send de remander ov de numberz tu dis plas, az dis iz ns tu be mj plas ov abod.

I lik de paper kwit wel. I am plezd tu se yu favor de Speliq Reform, tu sum ekstent, praktikal. I hav no dst yu wud be glad tu print entirli in de nu mod ov spelij if de komuniti nu de advantajez, and wud tolerat and be wilij tu sustan yu in it. Dr old mod ov spelij iz ouli a relik ov de drqk ajez. Dis relik, stikij tu us, at dis most enliend da, goz tu so dat, after el, so fur az praktikal yatilliti iz konsend, in vu ov de erorz dat kum tu us from de blijd past, sr bosted nolij duz not ament tu mug. Wun wud natqruli supoz dat de most enliend wud be de ferst tu inkurij and se if impravments wer neded, and if so, dar wurk wud be plan. But dis iz not de kas; and if so, dar wurk haz to jog on widst ad, so fur az sr bosted lernd pepl qr konsend.

I am told, I tink, dat dar qr kwit a number ov fonogroferz in yar plas, and dat de qrt iz tot in wun ov yar skalz. I am plezd tu no dis, and jud be glad tu her from sum ov dem bi leter.

I jud lik tu no if yu editorz rijt yar qrtiklz for de papertz in fonogref. I hop yu dm, and dat yu hav kompoziterz ho kan set up from yar nota.

Yarz trulij, WM. BARTLET.

We qr mug obligd tu frend Bartlet for hiz wurd ov enkurajment, and agre wid him in hiz vu ov de imperatans ov de Fonetik Reform. Lij el nu trats, de burden ov its introdusjon tu de world rests hevili on de fu ho hav resevd de lij, and haz filantropij impelz dem tu labor for de Grot Fuger, do de konservativ. Present hqrdli danz tu nota, mug les tu fed and kled dem for dar panz! But dar iz no okazyon for dar rejnup; tu bask in de raz ov de donij lij wi pa de pioner beted dan gold. Ol hal tu de fygur!

We qr, rself, but a student in fonogref, and hav no printer ho redz it, but hav wun ho sets fonotipi.

Radical Spiritualist.



No Union with Slaveholders!

(Photographically Reported, by Geo. H. Young.)

William Lloyd Garrison at Milford, Mass.

Abstract of his remarks on Insurrections, Non-Resistance, John Ballou's Position, Feb. 19, 1859.

Everybody is persuaded that the *slaves* ought to be submissive and Christlike. This is impossible in the nature of things, and the circumstances that surround the slave-population. To be Christlike! It must require a great development of intellect and soul. To be Christlike? If you say the slaves ought to submit, like Christ, you don't know who Christ is, nor what Christianity is. Do you suppose there is any power on earth that could make Christ a slave? It is impossible to enslave a Christian man. If he has the spirit of Christ he cannot be enslaved. It is the greatest insult to talk of Jesus in this way. If a man recognizes another as master, he is recreant to his Lord and God. If he is Christlike, he cannot be enslaved an hour.

In their [the slaves'] struggle we should see divine retribution, and wherever that is seen, it should be regarded with reverence. God does not allow iniquity to go unwhipped of justice. Not that God desires bloodshed, but says, "If you will persist in violating all justice, the sword will grow out of it, and I can't help it."

I have been expecting an insurrection of the slaves for many a day. And suppose it does come, what shall I say of it? As between the struggling party and the tyrant, all my sympathies will be—must be—and can never be otherwise than with the slaves and against the slaveholders, as a non-resistant and ultra peace man. (Cheers.) I have said elsewhere "Success to every slave insurrection," and I say it here, and will repeat it, if need be; for, as between the parties, how can I take the side of the oppressor? My respected friend, Mr. Ballou, has said in plain English, he hopes it will be put down, and does not wish any success to it at all. He claims to be a peace man; so do I. What does he mean? As his word stands, I do not believe it; he does not believe it. It is impossible, with his great sympathizing, loving nature, with his desire that liberty should prevail—it is impossible that he means what he seems to by his declaration. He says he hopes insurrection will be put down; I say success to it; there is the difference between us.

"I want no blood shed—not a drop. I would to God the slaveholders would hear the voice of warning, see where safety lies, emancipate their slaves, and allow us to have a glorious nation. I want no blood shed—and liberty can be given without it,—provided the South will obey God: 'Break every yoke and let the oppressed go free.' They say they will not do it, but will have more slave territory. 'Break every yoke?' they cry. 'Why, the slaves are not prepared to be free.' Says God, again, 'Break every yoke.' They say, 'blood

would flow like water, and our glorious Union would be broken up,—can't do it." If the South and this nation are resolved to defy God, there is no other way but to have insurrections. And when the time comes, I will acknowledge the justice of God. It is my duty to demand unconditional emancipation for those in bondage, whatever be the consequence; I will leave the rest with God. There is another way in which we can have this come about, without the shedding of blood. If the North would withdraw her complicity with the South, slavery would die—it would of necessity go down. The slave power is dependent upon your co-operation. What is the South to the North? If we were utterly separated into an independent Northern empire, every slave would go free. Do not you be deceived at the cry of these Southern fire-eaters. Their outcry is a humbug. We have the South in our own hands. We will use this power for her good.

If my friend, Mr. Ballou, means that he hopes the oppressors will succeed, it is a monstrous declaration; I can only say, it is shocking to my ear. He would have said the same of Greece and in favor of Turkey—against our fathers and in favor of King George. I do not believe he means any such thing. What is the issue? If he were here, I should like to ask him. If he means he wishes neither party should shed blood, so do I,—that is not the question. We are now dealing with the actual fact. Suppose insurrection to be going on now; to whom shall we give our sympathies? If I had lived in "76," God knows every pulsation of my heart would have been with the colonies. I should have felt sad in my soul, if the colonies had been outdone. We should look at these things philosophically.

I have been somewhat surprised that my friend should have used the term "red revolutionist," as applied to those who favored John Brown. Such are the terms used by the tones of Europe. I would not have a friend of freedom use those terms against the friends of liberty. I want to use my words so that no friend of tyranny can find comfort in them. The argument some use is, if the slaves were a little more educated, it would not be so horrible for them to rise; but I say they should not wait till they can use the sword more gracefully; for when men feel moved to get their freedom, I think the time has come. (Cheers.) My friend says, an insurrection once started at the South, would involve all the outrages in the category of crime. I do not believe the slaves would be worse than the slaveholders. It may be bloody, but it will be brief if it comes. "An insurrection would set fire to property." But where is the property of the slave? "They might shed blood," but their blood is being shed all the time. Two millions of women are subjected to oppression—not one dares to protect herself. And it is going on day by day, and hour by hour.

Let me say, further, in regard to the doctrine of non-resistance. I think there is nothing in the world that is quite so noble as non-resistance. I believe in the inviolability of human life—so does Mr. Ballou. As a people we recognize the Christian right of men to fight for Liberty. John Brown was a Bible man and a Puritan. He believed it right to use his powers for the oppressed. He said, "I believe it is my duty to injure none if it be possible to avoid it; I will put the means of self-defense in the hands of the slave, but will retreat with them if it be possible without bloodshed."

The question is asked, "if it should fail, ought it not to have a speedy failure?" My answer is, it is not a

Dear to us are those who love us . They enlarge our life; but—

question of success, at all. Has a man a right to defend himself and children from tyrants? If I say no, the Christian world say I am an infidel—a fanatic. Then I say, if they dare to cast a stigma upon John Brown, they are a body of hypocrites, and I spew them out of my mouth. I have a poor opinion of those who preach about our glorious 4th of July, and then point the finger of scorn at John Brown. . . . We go to France, and hear her songs, and to other nations and hear theirs—all holding the opinion of the right of men to strike for liberty. The slave has this right as much as any other people upon the earth.

There are those who charge us as being the cause of the late insurrection. Well, I am not ashamed of it. It is inevitable—must come. The anti-slavery movement resulted in the Kansas affair. No agitation would have centered there, had not anti-slavery taken the lead. Outside of the doctrine of non-resistance, I know of no man in history who more deserves our regard than John Brown. (Cheers.) So I do not shrink from the charge that this recent insurrection is the result of anti-slavery agitation in our country; and we are to have more before we get through. Do I violate my principles when I thus prophesy?

The anti-slavery movement was based upon the peace-principle; I thank my friend Ballou for reminding us of the fact; but if he undertakes to give the community the idea that those who first signed the constitution were non-resistants, he is mistaken. They pledged themselves to peace, and I am not aware they have departed from it. Our platform is free, and we expect all to speak in their own dialect. We have been true to our pledges. They pledged as an association to conduct their enterprise in a pacific spirit.

As editor of the Liberator, I lay before my readers what is said in other papers about John Brown as a felon, cut-throat, etc., but in another part of my paper I give other opinions of him; but I do not say I believe all I publish. When I see men saying, "it is right for the slaves to strike for their liberty," I think it is one way to get up to the sublime doctrine of non-resistance; although my friend Mr. Ballou does not think so. I wish for God's will to be done.

REMARKS.

Allowing for slight variations, or omissions, or for any modifications which Mr. G. would be likely to make of his extempore speech, I find it impossible to see its consistency. In his view of the non-submissive spirit of the true Christ-man I have full sympathy, but none at all with the accompanying inference that it is absurd to ask the slave to act with non-resistance weapons only, because he is ignorant. The more ignorant he is, the more he needs the true light. It is singular, that the man notoriously opposed to the doctrine of expediency should plead "the circumstances that surround the slave population" to show the absurdity of asking them to be Christlike! What have circumstances to do with the principle, if it be a principle?

We have hardly less reverence for Mr. G.'s sincerity than formerly, but less for his loyalty to Non-Resistance. It is idle for him to say he is an ultra peace man, while

he justifies either God or man in bringing judgments of blood on any nation. Does God come in such judgments? Is God in blood and violence? If so, who is in the "still small voice," that shall be heard in the millennium? Mr. G. quotes scripture. Does he really believe in the wars of Moses as *divine* retributions? Did God, indeed, drown Pharaoh and his army? We think not. We think he was a considerable distance above and beyond so childish an expression of his justice. But he "can't help it," says the speaker. Why then, say he "does not allow iniquity to go unwhipped of justice," as if he was a moral actor in the case? If he uses the bloody "whip of justice," for any cause, the question is, Is he "a Non-Resistant and an ultra peace" God? If so be, then are his servants, Moses, Joshua, or Gideon, "Non-Resistants and ultra peace" men? Alas! it is MAN, who "pours out his vials of wrath" on man, and then, very foolishly, calls God to witness!

A second dilemma, in which Mr. G. finds himself, is manifest in his question, "As between the parties, how can I take the side of the oppressor?" As if, in declining to take the side of the oppressor, he must necessarily take the side of the warrior! We would present the whole truth, in its most radical form, using words in which "no friend of tyranny can find comfort," by saying to every slave in the world, black or white, DEMAND YOUR FREEDOM—RESIST YOUR MASTER; and in which no warrior, or minion of the Republican party can find comfort, by adding, in the same sentence—BUT INJURE NOT A HAIR OF HIS HEAD! We could not stop with the first clause; if we could, it "would be a monstrous declaration"—leaving myself to be understood as sanctioning murder and violence. We certainly wish no success *at all* to the oppressor, and *all* success to the oppressed, in the right.

We think Mr. G. well said that Adin Ballou does not wish success to oppression. He wishes success to neither party, except in the attainment of right ends by right means. So far as he sanctions the slave's submission, if he does, "for Christ's sake," we differ from him, and agree with Mr. Garrison.

We have received a criticism from our friend Austin Kent, on our recent notice of his little book on "Free Love," etc., with suggestions for the discussion of the subject in the RADICAL. We shall give that subject a proportionate share of attention; but it would require more space to discuss so important a question than we can afford and preserve the unity of our departments. But we will print brief articles, from time to time, on this subject. We will come to our friend's communication in our next.

17 Mrs. A. G. C's poetry will appear in our next.

Dearer are those who reject us as unworthy, for they add another life.—EMERSON.

Notices of the Times,

PAST AND PRESENT.

Miss FANNIE DAVIS will speak in Milford, Ms. the 1st Sunday in this month, (Union Hall,) 1 1-2 P. M. She will speak at Hopedale, Ms., on the 2d Sunday of the present month, at 1 1-2 P. M.

Military Ambition.

"I charge thee, Cromwell, fling away ambition."

Compare the evils which have been poured upon the family of man through misguided ambition. Look at an Alexander, grasping at power whatever obstacles oppose; though he must violate every bond of peace and national liberty, and trample upon every right sanctioned by the dictates of justice—though millions of human beings must perish at the shrine of his lust for conquest, yet his false and ruthless passion must hold its demon-like sway!

Behold Pompey and Caesar, waging war with each other, from the influence of a false thirst of dominion. Rome trembled at their meeting. The field of Pharsalia was a mortal blow to her liberty. Although Pompey had conquered no less than fifteen provinces, and rendered them tributary to Rome—subdued Judea, restored Hyrcanian to the government—carried off Aristobulus the usurper,—although Caesar had invaded Spain, Great Britain and Germany, and both of these generals had gained the applause of a restless people; yet Pompey returned from his conquest in the East, and Caesar from his conquest in Gaul, to meet in the heart of their mother country, there to bury their glory and seal the liberties of Rome with the blood of her citizens; contending for a mere speck of earth—just as though it was the greatest of the Creator's kingdoms, and could they gain it they would be sovereigns of the universe.

In modern times, we see a Bonaparte carrying his conquests through Europe, overturning governments long established, and establishing new ones upon their fall. We behold him at Lodi, pushing his victories into the enemy's country, and again we see his army perishing by thousands in his rash expedition to Moscow; and after causing consternation through all Europe, we find him paying for his misguided ambition, by his fall at Waterloo, and banishment to St. Helena! Thus do men rise to fall at the expense of every thing consecrated to humanity and freedom. Such characters have kept the world in commotion from the remotest ages; yet the greatest war existed in their own minds; for they were like the troubled waters of the ocean, with-

out rest! owing to the perversion of the great end of their existence; or partly to their inborn dispositions, and partly to the associations of their youthful days.—'46

INTOLERANCE.—Behold the persecutions in all periods of the world, in reference to religious tenets! We need but refer to Popish persecution in all its horrifying aspects; we need but turn to France with her National Convention and her infidel philosophy, to England with her burning stakes, or to Spain with her Inquisition, to witness the consequences of the love of power. First, we see the Catholics committing their devoted victims to the flames, and the most excruciating tortures, causing about 50,000,000 of the human race to perish for heresy; of which number, 150,000 are said to have been lodged in the Inquisition alone. In the second instance, we see the Catholics themselves suffering persecutions revolting to every Christian sentiment. We behold France in the reign of her infidel philosophy, persecuting the Romish priests, and hunting them like wild beasts!

At Nantz, over 400 priests were drowned, and over 300 shot. In the scenes of Aug. 10, and Sep. 4, 17-92, about 300 were massacred; and more than 1000 were guillotined by order of the National Convention at Paris, in about three years! These last mentioned cruelties are ascribed, by some, to the influence of the writings of (Mirabeau, D'Alembert, Buffon, Voltaire, Hume, Paine,) infidel men, about the period of the Revolution; but the real cause came of the spirit of intolerance, which the French liberals themselves had scarcely transcended, except in name.

THE whole of France—a nation of thirty-six millions inhabitants—only appropriates as much money to common schools as does the city of New York alone—something like six million of francs.

GERRIT SMITH's restoration to health is characterized by his well known generosity. Wendell Phillips has received \$50 from him for the use of the sufferers by the Lawrence calamity.

SPIRIT GUARDIAN. This is the title of a spiritualistic organ, Bangor, Me., Geo. W. Brown, Editor. Terms, \$1.50 a year. It seems to be a fair, and discriminating sheet, not leading too far into the quagmires of radicalism, and containing more specifically spiritualistic matter than can be found in the RADICAL.

We are obliged to the *Milford Journal* for an exchange with our little sheet. The *Journal* is a good sized Weekly, Family, Advertising paper. \$1.50 a year, advance, \$2.00 at the end of the year. Address B. Wood, Milford, Mass.

A. J. Davis has started a Journal in New York.

Think the best thou canst of thy fellows.—J. E. CHURCHILL.

DYSPEPTIC'S CORNER.

MRS. PARTINGTON IN BOSTON. "How the world has turned about, to be sure! 't is nothing but change, change. Only yesterday, as it were, I was in the country, smelling the odious flowers;—to-day I am in Boston, my oil-factories breathing the impure excretions of coal-smoke, that are so dilatory to health. Instead of the singing of birds, the blunderbusses almost-deprive me of conscientiousness. Dear me! Well, I hope I shall be restrained through it all. They say that the moral turpentine of this place is frightful, but it is n't any use to anticipate trouble beforehand; Isaac may escape all harmonious influences that would have a tenderness to hurt him, and, as the minister of our parish said, with judicial training he may become a useful membrane of society; though training is bad generally, and is apt to make the young run to feathers, like cackle-crowned hens. But he has genius,—looking at him!—" it comes natural to him, like the measles, and every day it is enveloping itself more and more. What are you doing, dear?" she said, rising and going towards him.

"I'm drawing a horse," replied he, turning it round so that she could see it.

"Why, so it is! and what caricature and spirit there is in it, to be sure! I should have known it was a horse, if you had n't said a word about it. But have n't you given him too thick a head of hair on his tail, and a leg too many?"

"That 's his mane that you call his tail," said Ike, with some show of being offended; "and, suppose he has got five legs!—anybody can paint one with four; five shows what Miss Brush, my teacher, calls the creative power of genius."

"Well, I must digest my spectacles," replied she, smiling upon him, "before I speak another time. But now I want you to go down to the door and watch for a gentleman that I suspect, who may ask you to tell him where we live. He is to be your guard, that I told you about."

"Yes 'm," said Ike, dutifully, and passed out, whistling Villikens and his Dinah.—*Knitting-Work.*

LUDICROUS INCIDENT. A minister was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of a future judgment. In the gallery sat a colored girl, with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with commendable effort, to make the baby observe the propriety of the place. The preacher was too much interested in his subject to notice the occasional noise of the infant; and soon, right in the midst of his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trumpet of doom, and looking toward that part of the church where the girl with the baby in her arms was sitting, he asked, in a low, deep voice:

"What is that I hear?"

Before he recovered from the oratorical pause, so as answer his own question, the colored girl responded in a moribund tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ears of the entire congregation:

"I do 'no', sa, I spects it is dis here chile; but indeed, I has been a doing all I could to keep him from 'sturb'ing you."

It is easy to imagine that this unexpected rejoinder took the tragic out of the preacher in the shortest time

imaginable; and that the solemnity of that judgment day sermon was not a little diminished by the event.—*Methodist Protestant.*

A CHILD STORY. A Philosopher once asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity, and replied:

"To be sure I have."

"What makes you think you have?"

"Because I know," she promptly replied.

"But how do you know that you have a soul?"

"Because I do know," she answered again.

It was a child's reason, but the philosopher could hardly have given a better.

"Well, then," said he after a moment's consideration, "if you know you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is?"

"Why," said she, "I am six years old, and don't you suppose that I know what my soul is?"

"Perhaps you do. If you will tell me, I shall find out whether you do or not."

"Then you think I don't know," she replied, "but I do. It's my THINK. I should be ashamed if I did not know without being told."

The philosopher had puzzled his brain a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it in so few words.

A WITTY CLERGYMAN. Watty Morrison, a Scotch clergyman, was a man of wit and humor. On one occasion he entreated an officer at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow that was sent to the haliberts. The officer offered to grant his request if he would, in return, grant him the first favor he would ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this, and the officer demanded that a ceremony of baptism should be performed on a puppy. The gentleman agreed to it, and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog, as was necessary in the baptism of children, and said: "As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremony of that Church." "Certainly," said the major, "I expect all the ceremony." "Well, then, major, I begin with the usual question—Do you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?" A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the officer threw the candidate for baptism away.

"Don't you think the Bible appears very different to an ordained minister from what it does to any other—common—person?" asked a very good lady, once. "Certainly, madam," I replied; "the ordained minister sees a salary in it—quite a difference!" *Reformer.*

"A little three year old girl was riding in the cars with her father a few days since, when a lady remarked: 'That is a pretty baby.'"

The little lady's eyes flashed fire, as she drew herself up to her full height, and replied: "I ain't a baby; I wear boots and hoops."—*Ex.*

"There are more 'whiskey mills' in Alabama than in any other State of the Union. Is it a wonder, then, that Spiritualism is 'gugged' there?"

'Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient.'



God Loves the Erring.

The following beautiful extract we copy from a philanthropic poem, given through the mediumship of T. L. Harris. We commend the reading of this poetry to those who have argued that the poets of the celestial spheres have not produced anything worthy of the name.

God loves the erring as a shepherd loves
The wandering lamb. No mother hates her child,
But, crusted o'er with evil, sin-defiled,
Cradles him in her bosom. All the world
May curse him, but it matters not to her,
She loves him better for his agonies.
Sweet Pity tends his fevered couch by night,
Unstinted love her boundless wealth bestows.
Were he a crowned Seraph, dazzling pure,
King of a race of Angels in the sky,
Were all his thoughts beatitudes, not more
Would that sweet love by being bathed and bless.
How spake the Master of Mercy when the Jew,
The type of an extreme morality,
Thanked God that he was not as other men?
He turned to where the Publican bowed low
And owned himself a sinner, and he saw
A genuine manhood, sweet and beautiful.
The heart that feels its own unworthiness
Thrills most with love to God and love to man.
The man who sees one common nature where
Others discern but surface opposites,
Sees as God sees. All human beings share
The common imperfections of the race.
All in their inmost essences receive
The common inspirations of their God.
They love the most who are forgiven most,
And when Right Reason slowly dawns once more
On the wild madness of a mortal fiend—
Our brother still and God's beloved child—
There comes a mighty gush of gratitude,
Thawing the hoar frost of a life of crime,
Breaking the icy barriers of self-love.
While all the loosened rivers of the soul
Spring from their fountains radiant in the light.

The pride of virtue is itself a sin;
The pride that shrinks from contact with the lost,
Lest its white robes should be defiled by them,
And counts the erring an accursed form,
The cesspool of the world, the reservoir
Of all iniquity, that evil pride,
Called just and laudable by moral men,
Springs from the coxcombry of barren hearts,
Who think to ape the Angels, and assume
Angelic manner as the raven steals
The peacock's plumage, but remains a crow.

Golden Age.

The following beautiful sentiment expresses our interior faith in the soul's capacity to transcend the limitations of creeds and forms, and bask in the sunlight of love and harmony.

H. N. G.

Soul Worship.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Amid the pine woods, listening to the voice of God, as melodiously grand, unutterably solemn, thrillingly intelligible it speaks to the poet-heart; its surge-like rollings uplifting the soul into ecstatic communion with things divinely real and immortally beautiful. Who, listening then to the music oracle, the teachings of that law-giving voice, feels that he needs aught of creed or book to teach of the life beyond—the God above? Even as the waves of ocean repeat unceasingly the stirring anthems of eternity,—even as the star-woods, alluring to loftiest contemplation, magnetically enfold the dreamer's soul with visions of beatitude, so the voices of the All-pervading spirit, heard amid the green enduring pines, speak soothingly and divinely, ministering unto the awakened heart, the receptive soul.

Amid the wintry landscape, to stand enwrap in worship beside these altars of Divinity, listening to the grand, solemn, orchestral harmony of the winds amid the swaying branches of the immortal pines, to hear the rolling sea-tide of melody, wafting to the awaiting heart the commandments of love, the mandate of the angel hosts; is it not a worship far surpassing all mere external forms? There the heart-leaves of the eternal volume are unfolded, and the record is fair and legible, so that all of earth may read.

The answering love-beat of the responsive soul is the acknowledgment of the divine nearness; where the love of God enfolds. His inspirations hallow, and his beauties sanctify; the childlike spirit, meekly adoring, needs no more the church sanctioned dogma, fears no longer the human interpretation of the Father's will; but is bathed in the sunlight warmth of approximation to the true and beautiful, the real. Amid the cathedral's grandeur, the conjoined praises of the worshipping throng, the heart may rest unmoved; but its profoundest depths are stirred by the Inspirational host of heaven, amid the swaying beauty of the storm-defying forest; beneath the music breathing aromatic pines, we hear the voice of our God.—*Clarion.*

COMPANIONLESS. How companionless in spirit must the men always have been who were far before their age in wisdom and in goodness. The Sage comes with his thought, and his generation mock it, a century, or centuries must pass before it begins to be a fact. The Seer comes with his warning, and those whom he would deliver, stone and kill him;—the apostle with his doctrines, and the philanthropist with his plans; they must wait until Time gives at once the exposition and the confirmation. But in the heart of Jesus, above all, what mysteries of worlds there must have been of unshared and incommunicable sanctity and goodness?—*H. Giles*

“Poverty, even starvation, can be borne better than the loss of love, infinitely better than the sense of one's having done wrong. The pain of the body is nothing to the agony of the soul.”

How true.

☞ A. A. Davis: we have mailed your paper regularly.

‘Extremity is the trier of spirits.’